

THE  
PERPLEXITIES  
OF  
LOVE:  
A  
NOVEL

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## P R E F A C E.

**O**F the following Work a considerable part has been long written, and, at the time of writing, was intended only as an exercise by which a facility of composition might be attained.

The quantity increased by degrees; and, from frequently  
a 2 looking

looking on what was done, the Author began to be enamoured with his Work. He therefore sat down seriously to finish it; good-naturedly determining, at the same time, not to feast merely his own eyes, but to gratify as much of the world as chose to have a sight.

To such as read this little Volume, it will immediately occur, that their attention is directed to times long past, in order to observe representations

## P R E F A C E.

tions of feelings which are equally common at the present day ; they will find themselves introduced to Kings and Princes, to see that which happens in every rank of life ; and they may require some excuse for having been led into the further parts of Asia, not to learn Asiatic manners, or trace Oriental prospects, but to attend to scenes that exist at home.

But it was not the Author's intention to describe the

the passions of the mind as they present themselves when influenced by incidental circumstances, or affected by customs that may only partially prevail: He wished to represent feelings which are common to every country, and to every age; to the European as well as to the inhabitant of Asia; and the banks of the Ganges were preferred to any other situation, only because chance first brought them to the Writer's recollection.

If

If this excuse be not sufficient, he has no better to offer. It will be remembered, however, that if he has avoided the trouble of preserving the manners of the East, he has also rejected the improbabilities of Eastern fiction; and that he has employed only natural powers to unravel his difficulties, when, by the assistance of a Genius, he might have solved all his *perplexities* at a single stroke.

THE



THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
OF THE BOSTON BAR  
VOL. I.  
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY  
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THE HISTORY OF

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T H E

P E R P L E X I T I E S

O F

L O V E.

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**I**N an early period of the world  
Philotos reigned over a part of  
Asia which borders on the Ganges.  
His kingdom was fertile and extensive.  
Its extent, however, was marked by no  
fixed boundaries; there were no im-  
passable sands to overwhelm invaders,

B

nor

nor long chain of mountains to retard their approach.

Philotos wanted not such defence. The kingdom which he had received from his father, he had not attempted by unjustifiable methods to enlarge: and he was conscious that no methods could oblige him to lessen it. He knew that he was just, and that he was beloved; he felt that he was unconquerable, for he reigned over the hearts of his people.

When, on the death of his father, Philotos came to the throne, he found himself surrounded by attendants, and closed in on every side by guards: that his friends, even if they wished it, dared

dared not speak the truth; and that men seemed in a confederacy to deceive him. He found that those of his court had, from their infancy, been taught to dissemble; and from them in vain did he seek pleasure or instruction.

Zingis alone had attempted to inform, and ventured to contradict him; and that in a method so pleasing and so little presumptive, that the king had selected him as the person whom, of all his attendants, he most esteemed.

Zingis was a man, formed by nature as well as education, to be the favourite of his prince. His stature was above the common size, yet not so as to

#### THE PERPLEXITIES

create any appearance of awkwardness; his limbs were well proportioned, and strongly set : yet that strength was not the clumsy vigour of an Hercules ; it rather bore resemblance to the graceful and manly figure of Apollo. His countenance was placid, yet expressive ; his eye was mild, yet penetrating.

To these advantages Fortune had added another : Zingis was son to the most powerful minister in the court of Philotos. His father, who foresaw that Zingis would one day fill his place, endeavoured, by all possible means, to render him equal to it. In his youth he was taught every kind of military art ; and, at a very early age, was admired



mired for his skill in riding, and his dexterity in drawing the bow.

Applause, while it flatters our progress, incites us to double our attention. Zingis, from being remarked as in the first class, became the foremost of that class. He was the chief of those who, with him, were studying arts, which, while they adorn, are also beneficial to mankind. Thus, by his pre-eminence in rank, being exposed to the eyes of all, he captivated all, by his pre-eminence in skill. The accomplishments of Zingis were everywhere celebrated; and praise, which gives delight to every one, to him gave rapture. So true is it, That they whose

actions best deserve commendation, are most gratified by receiving it.

Zingis had now arrived at his twentieth year : an age when boyish pleasures and pursuits give place to the care and toils of manhood. His father, with the fond attention of a parent, had hitherto viewed his progress, and now, with anxiety, looked forward to his future happiness. He represented to Zingis, that those arts which he had till now considered as his principal ornaments, were henceforth to be esteemed as secondary objects. That to excel in managing the horse was trifling ; he must excel in virtue. Wisdom and knowledge, he told him, were far superior to dexterity in drawing the bow,

bow, or skill in launching the javelin. That these last, however, were arts which had adorned him; and he had seen with pleasure the honour he had gained by them. Perhaps, Zingis, he said, the excellencies you have hitherto shewn will incline men to expect from you more than from your companions. Be it your study to fulfil their expectations. Zingis assured him that it should.

The chief city of Philotos's kingdom was situated on a small river, which emptied itself into the Ganges. At the distance of half a mile from the river stood the king's palace. It was an extensive, but irregular building, formed for use rather than ornament. Joined

to the front were two wings; not indeed so large, but more elegant. In that which was to the left lived Euphorbus, the father of Zingis: the princess Zemira, sister to Philotos, inhabited the other. Behind the palace were spacious gardens; before it, and gradually sloping to the river, was a plain, beautifully shaded with trees, and possessing every ornament which Nature could lavish on it. The town stood on the other side the river; the roads to which were over two light and elegant bridges. The whole was pleasing and picturesque.

It was in the plain before the palace that the youth of Philotos's court, with Zingis at their head; performed their  
military



military exercises. It was in this plain that Zingis had so often acquired the reward of merit. Here too had Zemira frequently observed his accomplishments, and as frequently praised the possessor of them. She knew not, however, that there were other motives than the pleasure of beholding manly grace, which fixed her eyes on Zingis through all his movements. An accident convinced her that there were.

In one of the reviews, Zingis engaged in rallying his broken troops, pushed his horse too near the bank of the river, which in that place was particularly steep. The animal wanting power to stop sufficiently short, plunged with its master down the precipice. The horse was dashed to



pieces; the rider fortunately escaped, by falling into the water, without striking against the bank. Every one supposed Zingis dead. Zemira, who had seen his fall, fainted with apprehension. It was not till after he was safe, and removed to his father's palace, that the princess recovered; and that, only to relapse again on the news of his deliverance; joy now causing the same effect, which fear had before produced. Still, however, Zingis, though out of immediate danger, was not recovered, and still the bosom of Zemira was uneasy. Often, under the name of her brother, did she send to him, and often urge him to take care of a life, which, till then, she knew not was dear to her as her own. She would have visited him herself, had the punctilios

punctilios of decency allowed, or the dignity of royalty admitted it.

Although Zingis was absent, the military exercises still continued as usual; but they were not as usual frequented by Zemira: they had lost the charm that attracted her attention. The balcony, from whence she formerly viewed them, was now deserted; or if visited, only served to remind her of pleasures which she had before known: to contrast the gay, the happy indifference of former days, with the cares, the anxieties of the present. The contrast was painful. A sigh would heave Zemira's bosom; a tear would steal down her cheek as she turned from the scene which caused her uneasiness. "Why,"

would she say, "why was I born a  
" princess?"

Zemira had now lost that gaiety of heart, that liveliness of disposition, which before used to attract the attention of beholders. Instead of it was a forced pleasantry, and a smile which was apparently constrained. She neglected the public diversions which she used to attend; she scarcely quitted her apartment. Sometimes, indeed, towards evening, attended by her faithful Selima, she would wander by the side of the canal, and try to sooth her anxiety. But the trial was vain; Zingis had too firm possession of her bosom to be discarded.

In

In one of these solitary walks, the princess, whose heart was always open to Selima, lamented her situation. "Oh! Selima," said Zemira, "that Heaven had allotted me an humbler station; that instead of pomp and courts, it had placed me in the vale of private life! There I might have enjoyed happiness: there no obstacles would have arisen to controul my wish. I might have possessed him who alone could render me blest: but now it is impossible." Selima sighed. "And why," continued Zemira, "does my Selima sigh? — Were I as you, nothing could interrupt my joy; unless, indeed, like you, I had a friend whose heart was sorrowful. Possessed as you are of beauty, no-  
 "ble

“ble by your birth, and independent  
 “in your fortune, can you know for-  
 “row?” Selima answered only by her  
 tears. “Come,” said the princess,  
 “the discourse is affecting, we will  
 “drop it.” She walked towards the  
 palace: Selima following, assured her  
 she only grieved for her.

That Selima loved Zingis was known  
 to many, although a secret to the  
 princess. It had been thought too  
 that she was mutually beloved. The  
 companions of Zingis had frequently  
 rallied him on the subject. Where-  
 ever he went he heard the name of  
 Selima; but that name was indifferent  
 to him. It was true that he loved,  
 but it was not equally true that he loved.

Selima.



Selima. So, indeed, he informed her, by every method he could invent. His behaviour was respectful and expressive of esteem; he assured her that he was sincerely her friend, while he spared no pains to convince her that he was not her lover. Nay, he had told her more; he had confessed that his affections were engaged. He mentioned not to whom.

Such was the situation of things when Selima learned that Zemira was her rival. The shock was great. It drove her from her last fortress. Hope itself left her.—She burst into tears. When recovered a little, a virtuous pride seemed to tell her that she could conquer her passions; she thought she might

might be able to renounce the man she loved; she flattered herself that she could lead Zingis to the temple; that she could join his hand with Zemira's; and that her heart would burst in silence. She caught at the ideal scene, and grew enamoured with misery.

While Selima revolved these ideas in her mind, she neglected that caution which was necessary. Her passion rather increased. She continued to live with the princess; with one who, without suspecting it, was her rival; and from whom she daily heard the praises of him she loved. When Zemira was uneasy, and in tears expressed her concern at the illness of Zingis, Selima would weep, and fancy 'twas in pity to her

her mistress. Mistaken girl: she was content to be deceived; she wished not to fly from the cause of her misery.

Zingis was not yet recovered: on the contrary, his illness rather increased. A languor hung about him, which evidently was not the effect of his fall: he was absent in company, and constantly desirous of being alone. In vain did the physicians prescribe medicine after medicine; their remedies were inefficacious; it was not in the power of physic to remove his illness. Philotos, who had attended Zingis with the affection of a brother, was alarmed for his safety; yet knew not how to relieve him. With eagerness did he press Zingis to inform him whether  
any

any secret cause increased his disorder; any unhappiness which he could remove? If there were, he conjured him, as a friend, to communicate it.— Zingis was silent.

The symptoms which had, from the beginning, attended the illness of Zingis, increased every day. The physicians advised change of air and moderate exercise. They hoped from Nature, what they no longer expected from art. Preparations were therefore made to remove him to the country-residence of Euphorbus. These preparations were indifferent to Zingis. He seemed not affected at his removal; he expressed neither joy nor disgust; and when asked to fix the day of his departure,



departure, replied he cared not how soon.

Far different were the sensations of Zemira. She had given a scope to her passion; she had nourished it; and though she knew the improbability of success, yet she would sometimes flatter herself that it was not impossible. She hesitated not to consider Zingis as a man whom she loved. She dreaded his removal, yet knew that he must depart. Indeed at present, although she never saw or spoke with him, yet she had the satisfaction of constantly hearing of him; no change, however slight, could take place, but she was acquainted with it. Besides, when, near him, some occasion, she thought, might inspire



spire him with a mutual passion; or if that passion was, as she would sometimes imagine, already mutual, some favourable opportunity might lead to an explanation. At his departure these hopes were vanished. She fancied that then some beauty whom Zingis had captivated, might, by her assiduous care in restoring his health; by her tenderness in dissipating the anxieties and sorrows which oppressed him; and by the thousand little offices of female friendship, gain an ascendancy over that heart for which she so eagerly panted. The idea was distracting.

Selima's mind was not more at ease. She felt severely for the princess; but she felt more for herself. She considered

dered Zingis no longer in the light of one whom she hoped to possess; yet she could ill bear his absence. She found her spirits agitated whenever his departure was mentioned. She was anxious, yet knew not the reason. Seli-ma accounted for it, by imagining it was compassion to her friend. She gave way to her grief, and knew not that she was still cherishing her love for Zingis. She thought not that she was still increasing a passion, which it was before out of her power to subdue.

Since the unfortunate illness of Zingis, the king had scarcely seen Zemira. Some important business which occupied his mind, had prevented him from visiting the princess; and her thoughts  
had

had been engaged in matters foreign to courts. At first her absence was not noticed ; after a little time, it grew conspicuous. Every one eagerly inquired concerning her health. It was now that Philotos recollected the alteration in Zemira's manners ; the gaiety of her friendship changed to a distant reserve. It now appeared to him that something hung heavy on her spirits, and affected her health. He was at a loss to imagine what. Some trifling though necessary forms neglected, some punctilious ceremonies not properly observed, might have caused a temporary reserve ; but these were not sufficient to account for her illness. He determined to visit her.

The

The apartments of the princess joined to the palace by a winding gallery. The king passed unseen to her closet. He found her in tears. In vain did the princess attempt to hide her emotions. She scarcely kept from fainting. Philotos sat down beside her on the sofa. He took her hand: She turned from him. The king pressed it to his lips. Zemira fell on his neck.

“Tell me, Zemira,” said Philotos,  
“since the death of your father, have  
“I not ever behaved with the affection  
“of a parent?” — Zemira, sobbing,  
faintly answered, “Yes.” — “Have I not  
“strove, by my tenderness and care,  
“to supply his place?” “Oh! yes,  
“yes!” said the princess. “Have I  
“not

“not tried, by every endearment, to  
 “make you forget the loss of a mo-  
 “ther?” “Oh God!” said Zemira,  
 “whither does this lead?” “Answer  
 “me: Can you complain of my kind-  
 “ness?” Zemira answered only by  
 her tears. “Oh! have I not loved you!  
 “have I not rejoiced with you in your  
 “more joyful moments?” The prin-  
 cess sighed. “Have I not wept for  
 “your sorrows; and now, my dear Ze-  
 “mira, now is not my heart bursting  
 “at your distress?” Zemira sunk on  
 his breast.

“If then,” continued Philotos, “you  
 “have no cause to doubt the sincerity  
 “of my affection, why may I not be  
 “intrusted with your confidence, why  
 “not



“not know the story of your distress?  
“a brother’s assistance might, perhaps,  
“be useful; at all events, a brother’s  
“sympathy could not be disagreeable.  
“I think,” added he, in a more lively  
tone, “I think, Zemira, together we  
“might smile at misfortunes.”

The king stopped, in expectation of  
an answer, but received none. He re-  
sumed the discourse.

“Has any one about my court,” said  
Philotos, “been wanting in respect?  
“Has their behaviour been improper?”  
“Far from it,” replied the princess. “Or  
“do you think your situation too con-  
“fined? If so, remove for a while into  
“the country—I myself will attend, and  
C  “strive

“strive to divert you.” Zemira thanked him, but assured him, her situation was perfectly agreeable to her wishes. “What then,” returned Philotos, “what distresses you?—why will you not answer? Perhaps,” said he, gently pressing her hand, “perhaps, Zemira, you are in love. Why do you sigh? Tell me, has any neighbouring prince been fortunate enough to gain your heart? If so, speak, rely on my honour for your happiness, and do not, my dearest sister, disquiet yourself on that subject.” Zemira, in tears, informed him that she scarcely knew any neighbouring prince—that those she had seen she had viewed without emotion.—She stopped—Philotos hesitated; he feared, what was but too true; he hardly dared

dared, in a faltering voice, to ask her if she loved a subject? At that moment a voice screamed at the door—'twas Selima—she rushed in, and fell breathless on the sofa, calling, at the same time, on the name of Zingis. "Is Zingis dead?" said Zemira, half distracted. Selima could not answer. A servant informed them, that he had suffered an attack, more dangerous than any he had before felt; that his life was despaired of, and that he wished to speak to the king before he died. Zemira seized the king's hand. "Fly," said the princess, "Oh, fly and save him!" Philotos obeyed, leaving both Zemira and Selima in a kind of phrensy. He promised quickly to return.

The king, however, came not according to his promise : He scarcely indeed knew how to meet Zemira. He loved her tenderly ; so much so, that he could ill refuse her any favour ; yet would he never consent to a marriage with Zingis —with one not descended from royal blood. To see her, therefore, without noticing the discovery she had made, was silently to approve her choice ; and in her present situation, to insist on her banishing Zingis from her thoughts, might be attended with fatal consequences. Besides, Philotos knew too much of human nature, not to see that this was as useless as it was cruel ; it was insisting on what could not be performed : He well knew that she must be cured of her passion by slow degrees.

He

He resolved therefore not to go to her at present, but informed her, by one of her domestics, that Zingis was much relieved—that he had, indeed, been suddenly indisposed, but that his indisposition had been, by proper attention, abated. He added, that in consequence of this fresh attack, his journey into the country must necessarily be delayed for some time. Philotos having given the princess this information, began seriously to consider how he might best disentangle her from the web into which she had fallen.

The king had before heard something of Selima's passion for Zingis. Her emotion and fainting convinced him of its reality. He fixed on her, therefore,



as the instrument by which his plans must be carried into execution. He resolved to promote a marriage between her and Zingis, hoping, that if the princess saw the impossibility of possessing her favourite, she would learn to forget him. Her passion might be conquered when she found the object of it insensible to her wishes, and then only. Intreaties would be vain, and force would be useless : he was therefore determined to use neither, but, without appearing to act, strenuously to favour the cause of Selima. With this view, he desired her privately to attend him in his closet.

Selima's heart beat with unusual palpitations at the receipt of his order. A thousand different ideas crowded into her

her imagination. She turned pale; then again in a moment her cheek was covered with blushes—she hesitated—and promised to come.

Selima was not fully acquainted with the conference between Zemira and the king. She knew, however, that both the princess and herself must have betrayed themselves to him. She trembled, therefore, lest she might be the bearer of some angry message to her mistress. She feared that the king would, by her, command Zemira never more to think of Zingis. She was alarmed for her friend; yet the idea carried with it a gleam of comfort for herself: It flattered her wishes: Her imagination hurried on to scenes of delight. A sudden thrill shot

through her veins—'twas pleasure carried to excess: it bordered on pain.

At the appointed time Selima prepared to attend the king. She had dispatched all the attendants, and indeed used every precaution to prevent observation. She stole softly from her apartment; her mind seemed to tell her that there was something wrong. She wished not to be seen, yet was unconscious of what she was ashamed. At the entrance of the gallery, which led to the palace, she met Zemira. Selima started back; she was confused. The princess observing it, tenderly asked, why she was alarmed? and what concern led her to the palace? The surprized Selima scarcely knew how to reply. She  
had

had not been accustomed to deceive Zemira : she remained silent. “ Come,” said the princess, taking her hand ; “ Come,” said she, with infinite tenderness, “ return with me ; let us leave “ palaces to those who can enjoy them. “ Let us seek for comfort in our “ selves.” Selima sighed. She returned three steps with Zemira, then stopped. After a moment’s pause, she told her that her father was in the palace, and had desired her immediate attendance. She apologized for the fright into which she had been thrown ; and accounted for it by the suddenness of the princess’s appearance in a place where she so little expected it. She added, that she would soon wait on her. Zemira quitting her hand, gently press-

ed it, and bade God bless her. Selima's heart reproached her. She wished to return; to fall on the neck of her mistress, and intreat for pardon. She looked backwards: it was too late: the princess was gone. Selima went on to the king, with an unsteady step and a heavy heart,

The mind that is conscious of its own integrity suspects not the want of it in others. Zemira thought no more of Selima's confusion. She imputed her going to the palace to no other motives than what she had avowed: and with impatience waited her return, that into her faithful bosom she might pour forth her cares, and from her receive comfort. Zemira's heart was full.



full. She knew not if her imprudence had not discovered the secret of her love for Zingis. She feared the anger of the king ; of a brother whom she almost adored, and whose smiles she was always accustomed to receive. She now expected his refusal, and perhaps his scorn. Anxious and undetermined, she had frequently resolved to see him, and as frequently desisted from the attempt.

Once, indeed, at the time when Zemira had so confused Selima, she had advanced as far as to the door of the palace ; but here her heart failed her : she dared not proceed. She returned, as she told Selima, “ to seek for comfort

“ in herself.” But alas ! her mind spoke not comfort to her.

When Selima came into the king’s closet she found Philotos already there. He had been waiting in expectation of her ; her time was expired, yet she was not arrived. He began to doubt her coming, when she entered the apartment. The king rose to receive her : he perceived that she was embarrassed. He desired her to be seated. Her embarrassment increased. He took her hand, and, smiling as he pressed it, told her that he wished to talk with her on a subject, which could not fail to be as pleasing as it was interesting. “ I know the situation of your heart,” continued he ; “ I know, Selima, that  
“ you

“you are in love.” A tear stood in Selima’s eye. “Nor am I ignorant  
“with whom. I know the object of  
“your passion, and I rejoice that he is  
“worthy of you.” A deep blush overspread Selima’s face. The king waited not for an answer. “Zingis,” added he, “since the days of his childhood,  
“has ever been dear to me. Rest  
“assured, therefore, that I will consult his happiness, whilst I promote  
“yours. Yes, Selima, I myself will  
“bestow you on him. I will act a  
“father’s part; the part of a kind one  
“too.”

Selima scarcely knew what she heard. The tears which before glistened in her eye, now ran down her cheeks. She  
would

would have fallen on her knees, and thanked Philotos. He prevented her, and charging her, as she hoped for success to be secret, he desired her to meet him at the same hour on the next day; adding, that he would then explain himself more clearly. Selima promised to attend.

When Selima quitted the king, she retired to her own apartment. Her mind was too much agitated to see the princess. She was no longer able to restrain her joy. She thought that the sole object of her wishes was now within her reach; she fancied that Zingis was her own. She forgot those heroic sentiments, when she imagined she could renounce the man of her heart; when  
she

she flattered herself that she could give him to Zemira, and die without complaining. These ideas had vanished, and far different ones succeeded : ideas of happiness not granted to mortals ; delusive scenes of joy never experienced on earth. Her imagination painted, in flattering colours, glowing prospects of delight ; delights shaded by no tints of sorrow. It drew so expressive a scene of pleasure, that her mind could no longer bear the view. Tears fell on her bosom ; but they were tears of joy : Selima wished not to restrain them.

It was not till the first transports of joy had a little subsided, that Selima thought of the princess. Zemira acted like



like a spell upon her happiness. The name reminded her of obstacles, which she knew not how to surmount. Zemira was her friend. From the days of infancy had they lived together: they had been formed to habits of intimacy, nay of love. No thoughts had Zemira that Selima was not acquainted with; and never till now had Selima deceived the princess. Already had her mind reproached her; already she had suffered for her insincerity. Should she then continue the deception? — When Zemira laid open her whole heart, should she weep, and tell her 'twas for her sorrows, and at the same moment eagerly strive to increase them? When the princess reclined on her bosom, and thought it the bosom of a friend,

friend, should she then prove her most bitter and secret enemy? Her conscience upbraided her with the meanness of the act: Honour called to her to disdain the pityful deceit.

As yet Selima was awake to the call. She resolved to see the princess; to acquaint her with every circumstance that had happened; to relate even the most trivial matters. To tell her she had been her rival; alas! that she was even now: but she was also her friend. She determined to assure her that Zingis was her own; to tell her, that the presence of Selima should no longer distress her: that she would leave the court; that she would leave Zemira; and, what wounded more, that she would fly from Zingis.

Zingis. She resolved to bid her adieu ; to join in one short embrace ; to repress the struggling tear, and tear herself away for ever.

Selima was proceeding to put her plan into execution, when she recollected the earnest manner in which Philotos had enjoined her to be secret. She considered, that while she undeceived the princess, she might betray the king. There might be motives for his conduct which she could not perceive. She was confident that he was acquainted with the secret of Zemira's passion ; to lay open, therefore, the king's actions with regard to herself, she thought ungenerous ; it might also occasion variance between Zemira and her

her brother. She desisted, therefore, from her plan of leaving the court, till she could first acquaint Philotos with it. She waited with anxiety for the hour when she was again to meet him.

When Philotos promised Selima that he would bestow her on Zingis, he was not acquainted with the state of his favourite's heart. From his illness, he judged, indeed, that he was in love. He had heard too that it was with Selima; but he knew not whether the report was founded in truth. He determined to inform himself. With this view he sent for Euphorbus.

When the king had formerly applied to Zingis, and pressed him to disclose  
the

the secrets of his bosom; when in the most friendly and flattering terms, he had offered his advice and assistance, Zingis had remained silent. He knew that Philotos was his friend; that he esteemed him above the rest of his courtiers; yet he dared not make a confident of him. He saw that the king was affected at his sorrows, yet he could not reveal them to him. His story required to be whispered in other ears; it required a hearer who would bear with his weakness, and sympathize in his sorrows: one to whom he could open his whole heart, on whose friendly bosom he could weep without restraint, and from whom he was certain to receive advice and comfort. He expected not this from the king;

to



to him he was silent; he sought a dearer friend: it was a father.

From him Zingis had kept nothing secret. When Euphorbus, sitting by the side of his bed, had attempted to cheer his fallen spirits; when with a kind reproof, urged with parental fondness, he had asked him whither was his courage fled? — and eagerly pressing Zingis's hand, the tear starting in his eye, he had prayed him, for God's sake, to shew himself a man; adding at the same time, that he should speedily be well,—Zingis had sighed and told him, that neither health nor peace could ever again be his. “But,” continued he slowly, and with hesitation, “I will no longer keep my father in suspense.

“The

"The kind attentions which I have  
 "received from you, Sir—Oh God!  
 "they are numberless. Would to Hea-  
 "ven I might have lived to repay  
 "them. Heaven will not grant it.  
 "At least, while I live they claim my  
 "frankness.—Yes, Sir, I will acquaint  
 "you with the secret which has hi-  
 "therto lain in my bosom: I will  
 "tell you the cause of my illness.  
 "Perhaps, when you know my sor-  
 "rows, and see the impossibility of my  
 "being relieved, though you may  
 "blame the imprudence of your son,  
 "yet, in pity, you will not tell him  
 "so. — Oh Sir! let me die without  
 "knowing a father's anger!"

Zingis

Zingis was silent for a moment ; but receiving no answer, he continued to inform his father, that the cause of his uneasiness was Love. He told Euphorbus that his illness proceeded but little from any accident ; he had too imprudently nourished his disease : he had cherished a passion, which at first might perhaps have been overcome ; now he scarcely wished to strive against it. His spirits were fatigued, his strength exhausted ; he only asked a father's kindness to hear his last wishes, and to close his fainting eyes.

“ Perhaps, my father,” he added,  
“ when the name of Zingis may here-  
“ after be mentioned, you may recol-  
“ lect some pleasing hours we have  
“ spent

THE TERPLEXITIES

“ spent together ; some moments when  
“ my company may have chased away  
“ any intruding cares : If so, cherish  
“ the remembrance ; do not let this  
“ last imprudence banish every former  
“ impression !”

‘ Good God !’ cried Euphorbus, with  
emotion, ‘ why will you talk thus ?  
‘ why distract me ? What imprudence  
‘ have you committed ? Keep up your  
‘ spirits : I have heard nothing but  
‘ what may be relieved. I, my dear  
‘ fellow,’ added he, pressing his hand,  
‘ I myself will seek the lady who pos-  
‘ sesses your affections ; the king shall  
‘ plead for you.’—Zingis sighed.—  
‘ Every thing shall go well.’ — “ Im-  
“ possible ! it is the princess.” ‘ The  
‘ princess ?’

“ princess ? ” “ Yes, Sir, the princess.  
“ But be not alarmed, my father, I do  
“ not ask, I do not strive, I do not  
“ hope to possess her.”

‘ Unfortunate young man ! — how  
‘ shouldst thou hope ? Do you not  
‘ know that, by the laws, ’tis death to  
‘ seek her ? and can you imagine that  
‘ Philotos will break through the  
‘ bonds of law to bestow the princess  
‘ on you ? ’

“ I ask no favour from him,” said  
the unhappy Zingis. “ Let me retire  
“ to the country ; there I may waste  
“ the small remains of my strength  
“ without vexing a parent, and die  
“ perhaps without afflicting him more.

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“ One



“One request only I have to make:  
 “it is to keep my passion secret from  
 “every one, but chiefly from the  
 “king. Do not subject me to deri-  
 “sion, Sir.”

Euphorbus began to reply, when Philotos pushed open the chamber door. He had desired Euphorbus to attend him; but not seeing him, he had himself come to find him. After a few short but eager inquiries concerning his favourite's health, the king desired Euphorbus to withdraw with him. He wished to converse on matters of importance.

As soon as they were private, Philotos told him that he recollected, with  
 gratitude,

gratitude, his numerous services; that he now meant to reward him in the person of his son. He said that he had long suspected Zingis's disorder, but, till lately, knew not who was the cause of it. Now that he was informed of the person on whom he had placed his affections, he intended to render him happy. "Yes, my friend," said the king, "I myself will join his hand with Selima's." "With Selima's!" exclaimed Euphorbus. "Yes," returned Philotos; "does he not love Selima?"

Euphorbus was a courtier. He feared lest he had betrayed that, which he now found the king was ignorant of. He therefore, instead of answering his question, silently allowed that Zingis

was attached to Selima; and thanking Philotos for the kindness of his intentions, assured him that he would instantly acquaint Zingis with his determination.

Euphorbus retired into his private apartment: His mind was anxious and unsettled. That acuteness of observation which had enabled him to penetrate the secrets of his enemies; that accuracy of judgment with which he had profited by his knowledge; that firm and deliberate courage, which had insured success to every plan,—all now deserted him. He who could reconcile the jarring interests of a nation, knew not how to obviate this unexpected and private misfortune.

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At one moment he resolved to seek the king; to resign into his hands the badges of office, to lay aside the distinctions of grandeur, to relinquish the ornaments of princely munificence, and to divest himself of the gratifications of power: To represent to Philotos that he was infirm and aged; that after having spent the years of judgment and of manhood in planning and perfecting schemes of government, he would not now disgrace his latter days with the projects of imbecility: To tell him that ambition was a toy too trifling for age, and that the splendors of a court could add little lustre to grey hairs: To request permission to retire from a scene, of which the hurry distracted him; and to wear out the remains of

life where he might recollect, with gratitude, the bounties of his prince, and with joy contemplate his virtues.

Then again, when he recalled to mind his merits and his power; the reward to which, by a life of services, he was entitled; and the distinction which unlimited favour might procure him, he resolved to throw himself at the feet of his master, to represent the unhappy situation of Zingis; to implore Philotos, by bestowing Zémira, to give life to the son; or, by refusing her, to take it from the father.

Yet what expectations could he have that a prince, respected and loved by his people, and whose name was formidable



dable to the neighbouring nations, jealous of the honour and proud of the accomplishments of his sister, should bestow her on a subject? should reject the dignity which accompanies regal power, deprive his people of the advantages of splendid alliance, and disobey the laws of his kingdom, that he might reward a man whose services had been already overpaid? Or, if the interests of his favourite should overbalance his regard for those of his people, was he sure that Zemira would not resent the insult? that she would not receive the proposal with derision, and reject it with scorn?

Under this uncertainty he determined to remove Zingis from the court;

to

to keep him ignorant of the king's desire of an union with Selima, and to evade the inquiries of Philotos on that subject. He resolved to retain his own post, since to retire at that time, might not only have the appearance of disgust, but would effectually prevent him from profiting by any observations which he might make on the conduct of Zemira. He was not, indeed, without expectations that Zingis might forget a passion which he allowed to be hopeless: and he looked forward with joy and anxiety to the time when he might fill his place, and do honour to his father's memory.

When Philotos had quitted the apartments of the minister, he sent for  
Selima.

Selima. From the conversation which he had held with her the preceding day, he entertained no doubt of her readiness to acquiesce in any proposal that might ensure her the possession of Zingis. Her embarrassment, her tears, the disorder into which she was thrown by the name of Zingis, and the extacy with which she learned the king's intentions in her favour, promised something on her part very different from reluctance.

To his astonishment Selima entered his apartment in tears, and with marks of the most unfeigned sorrow. He took her hand—she trembled, and could scarcely stand. He desired her to be seated—she sunk, almost lifeless, on the sofa. Philotos was much affected; he

attempted to talk on trivial subjects, and in a tone of gaiety, while he did not venture to look in her face, lest he should betray his emotion.

After some time, and when Selima had a little recovered, he resumed the subject of her marriage with Zingis. He had seen, he said, the father of his friend, and had told him the happiness he intended for his son : That Euphorbus had received the proposal with joy and surprise, and had left him to communicate it to Zingis. ‘ And,’ added the king, pressing Selima’s hand, ‘ little now remains but that I fix the time ‘ when I must give away the hand of ‘ my daughter.’ “ Never,” interrupted Selima.—“ Never !” said she, bursting

bursting into tears. ‘How! Selima!’  
“Sir!” she continued, “you loved my  
“father; and friendship for him will let  
“you bear with the follies of his daughter:  
“You found me happy with him,  
“and adding what I could to his happiness:  
“You brought me to a court,  
“from which his infirmities kept him.  
“You made me, Sir, an orphan! Indeed  
“you have been a father to me:  
“You strove to make me happy; I am  
“miserable from my own folly. I came  
“to you, Sir,” added Selima, “to open  
“my heart, and I will not be guilty of  
“deceit. I have loved Zingis—fool  
“that I was! I found myself wretched,  
“yet did not seek for relief; I feel my  
“folly, and I do not hesitate to own it.  
“I come, Sir, to thank you for kind-



“nesses which I have not deserved ;  
“ for bounties which have been thrown  
“ away ; to request your permission to  
“ retire to my father, who wants those  
“ services, which are useless to the  
“ princeess. My presence may render  
“ the approaches of death less percep-  
“ tible to him, and his endearments  
“ will enable me to find some com-  
“ fort in life. With him I can in-  
“ dulge my sorrows without restraint,  
“ and be miserable without afflicting  
“ my friends. Perhaps, Sir, at some  
“ future period you may remind Ze-  
“ mira of my friendship and distress ;  
“ you may tell her, that though I  
“ parted from her, I did not part with-  
“ out reluctance ; and if I left her  
“ abruptly, it was from the dread of  
“ sepa-

“ separation ; from the terror of bid-  
“ ding adieu.”

Selima spoke these words—in a low voice, interrupted with tears, and sometimes rendered almost inarticulate by sobs, which she could not restrain.

The king had hitherto kept the hand of Selima : he now dropped it. “ Selima,” said he, “ I understand you ;  
“ you oppose me in my wishes : I am  
“ endeavouring to render you happy,  
“ and you are determined to be miserable. You counteract the dictates  
“ of prudence and nature, that you  
“ may gratify a visionary scheme of  
“ honour : you submit to the delusions  
“ of pride, and are content to be cheat-  
“ ed

"ed to your ruin. You know that your  
 "mistress is your rival, and you ima-  
 "gine that, by quitting the court, you  
 "leave her in possession of Zingis.—  
 "You are deceived. Partial as I am  
 "to Zingis, and fond even to madness  
 "of Zemira; although my heart bleeds  
 "for her anxiety, and without her life  
 "would be insupportable, yet," added  
 Philotos, clasping his hands with ve-  
 hemence, "sooner will I behold the  
 "body of a favourite, by my order,  
 "breathless on the scaffold; sooner  
 "hear the upbraidings of a sister in the  
 "agonies of death calling for venge-  
 "ance on her murderer, than suffer  
 "disgrace to fix on the family of my  
 "ancestors."

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The king's emotion almost deprived Selima of knowledge. He saw her alarm, and, in a milder tone, assured her that his resolution was determined. It had been his prayer, he said, that he might have parted with life rather than have been the cause of unhappiness to Zemira. The prayer had been denied: He had the misery of opposing her union with the man whom she had chosen, and the vexation of driving from his court the friend in whom she confided. That friend he had laboured to make happy, and a cause of happiness to her mistress: He was disappointed in both. His palace, however, was not a prison; and he would not wish her, from affection to her friend, to fail in duty to her father.

Selima

Selima scarcely heard him to the end, but falling on her knees, unconscious what she did, she called on Him who gave her being to witness, that her first wish was the happiness of Zemira—to increase which she hesitated not to sacrifice her own; that she would remain in the palace of Philotos, that she would receive his commands with submission, and obey them in silence. She requested him however to remember, that though she might bear the weight of misery, she could not sustain that of guilt. She could be content to die, but never to be criminal to Zemira.

Philotos assured her, he would take no steps in which the advantage of both was not consulted; and after desiring her



her to be secret, with regard to Zemira, he retired.

Selima was now left alone, and at leisure to reflect on her situation. It had indeed changed, but she knew not whether the change had been favourable. She had learned the impossibility of Zingis's ever possessing the princess; and consequently had been taught to look on Zemira only with pity and increased affection. Yet these feelings, as they forbade her to profit by Zemira's distress, removed still farther the chance of an union with Zingis. To that union she had solemnly determined never to consent, until it could no longer be of importance to Zemira; and the resolution, painful as it might seem, yet, as the  
act:

act of a virtuous mind, gave consolation to Selima.

Still she was to live with the princefs, and hear her sorrows, without any power of alleviating them; to witness her struggles for that which was inevitably out of her reach, and to listen to plans of romantic happiness, which she was forbidden to tell her were visionary. Yet Selima was not without enjoyment, nor destitute of comfort. She could indulge her feelings without restraint; and the remembrance of Zingis, perpetually recalled to her mind, never failed to excite some pleasing emotion. Her cares too were lessened, by being divided; and while she felt for the grief of Zemira, she forgot her own. In  
Zemira

Zemira she saw one as unhappy as herself, without her opportunities of relief; and a less sanguine temper than that of Selima, might find that it was in the power of time and chance to remove any obstacles to her happiness.

On the other hand, Zemira's difficulties were increasing. She had encouraged a passion which would be called criminal: She severely felt the consequences of it. She had the wretchedness of attempting to conceal that which she feared was known: She was anxious to avoid the sight of him, from whose presence, till now, she had seldom been separated. She had forfeited perhaps the affection of a brother—she had lost too the confidence in herself—she had

no consolation but the friendship of Selima.

Matters were in this situation when news was brought to Philotoz, that Almanzor, a neighbouring prince, was on his way to visit his court.

Almanzor was a prince, whose fame and military accomplishments were much celebrated. From his youth he had been trained to arms, and had learned to consider valour as the only virtue requisite to a king. The polished manners, which are inseparable from courts, he called effeminacy; he was unable to distinguish between condescension and servile compliance; and he was ignorant of any other respect than

than that which originated in fear. His father, by his oppression, had lost his throne, and it had been Almanzor's fate to regain it by conquest. He despised his people; and such as he did not make soldiers he rendered slaves. In all disputes his decision was absolute; and he always relied on the justice of superior force. He laughed at the folly of those who could talk of liberty when they could not defend their lives; telling them, as they had fought for freedom, they should preserve it on the scaffold; and desiring them to chuse what death they would die.

With such dispositions, it is not wonderful that Almanzor was hated by his subjects. Oppressed by his brutal tyranny



ranny when at home, and harrassed when engaged in war, by his excessive extortions, they saw their fortunes or their lives in continual danger. By intolerable oppression it might be imagined resistance would be excited. But Almanzor was the idol of the army. Steady in discipline, and rigorous in exacting obedience, he suffered no tyranny except his own. Accustomed to hardships, he required no indulgence for himself, nor allowed it to others; and fearless of danger, he desired none to advance but where he led the way. In rewarding bravery he was liberal to excess; far from envying the success of others, he was diligent in tracing, and lavish in commending it. Severe to himself, he had formed an idea of excellence,

lence; to which however near he might approach, he could never attain. "Oh!" exclaimed Almanzor, when his army were pursuing a more numerous but routed enemy, "Oh, that such an army should be without a general!"

There is something in romantic valour which attracts our eyes, and renders us unconscious of the attendant horrors of oppression, injustice, prodigality, and cruelty. It raises a sensation of heroism in our breasts; it hurries us irresistibly over the field of battle; it bathes our hands in blood, and makes us rejoice in murder! Deaf to the cries of the wounded, we rush forward to the pursuit; we load with chains the hands of degraded royalty; we

we hear with complacence the lamentations of a distracted mother; we turn from the speechless agony of unprotected beauty; we listen to the shouts of victory, — and are happy!

Almanzor had experienced the general disposition to be favourable to bravery. He was always received with respect, and often with friendship. — Philotos, through a part of whose dominions he had formerly requested leave to march on an expedition, from which he was now returning with victory, had at that time gone out to receive and entertain him. The open manliness and blunt sincerity, which enter so largely into a soldier's character, had disposed Philotos to request him

him to visit the court on his return.— Zemira too, who had attended her brother, seemed flattered by the attention of one, to whom all were subservient. The parade of martial array, and the order of military discipline, raised great ideas of his power; while the emulation of all ranks, and their eagerness to please him, left little doubt of his virtue. He strove to entertain her with representations of scenes, in which he himself delighted; and for her amusement she saw engaged in the sport of mock-battles, an army, of which perhaps, in a few days, scarcely a remnant would be left.

Almanzor felt a satisfaction in trying to please her; and, for the first time in

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his

his life, regretted that he was engaged in war. On his departure she gave him a wreath which, she smiled and said, should protect him from his enemies: and his generals with astonishment beheld him seize the hand of a lady, and vow on his return to lay his trophies at her feet.

These words had at the time made little impression on Zemira's mind, except the gratification of a momentary vanity. Her cheek glowed as he pressed her hand to his lips: as he bade her adieu her eye faintly glistened: the music sounded, and the army began their march.



Three years had now elapsed since Almanzor's departure; and in those years the feelings of Zemira, whatever they might have been, were considerably altered. Almanzor too had been engaged in a long and hazardous war; in battles often fought with doubtful success, and scarcely ever won but by miracles of personal valour. These were scenes during which a mind like his found no time to indulge imaginary schemes of happiness. The light flame of love burns but unsteadily amidst the blasts of war.

Still, however, Zemira was not forgotten: her wreath was always worn on the day of battle; and on the monument erected to celebrate the first

victory, her name was engraved. It had been observed also, that conditions were offered, more favourable than Almanzor had been accustomed to grant: but these had been rejected; and his pride would afterwards attend to nothing but unconditional submission. His opponents had defended themselves with astonishing perseverance: after every defeat they had rallied with fresh resolution, and returned to the field with that determined courage which is inspired only by despair. At first every inch of ground had been disputed; till tired of resistance, which was unavailing, they retreated at the conqueror's approach, leaving their rout to be traced by the desolation they spread over their own country. Almanzor advanced

vanced to the capital: and after having slaughtered thousands by the sword, by fatigue and famine, he had the satisfaction of reducing to slavery the poor and miserable remainder. He was now returning with an army diminished to one fourth of its former numbers, harrassed with fatigue and sickness, to celebrate his conquest; to bid his people rejoice at the death of their relations, and at the success of a tyrant.

The return of Almanzor had been eagerly expected by Philotos, and appeared at this time particularly favourable. He had long known him to be brave and powerful, and had considered him as a splendid ally, but dangerous rival.

rival. He wished, therefore, by uniting him with his sister, to make him his friend. He had been pleased to see his gallantries to Zemira, and to observe that she was not dissatisfied with them. Her late attachment indeed had opposed his schemes; but he hoped that the gaiety of his court, and the diversions in which she would be obliged to join, would dissipate what he called the romantic effect of solitude and fancy. The presence also of Almanzor would recal past and pleasant scenes: she would hear the recitals of his courage, which she could not but admire; and, dazzled with the splendor of his actions, would overlook, or see but indistinctly, the milder accomplishments of Zingis. Almanzor would doubtless demand her hand;

hand; and Philotos determined without hesitation to give his consent.

The king had, immediately on his receiving notice of Almanzor's approach, made extraordinary exertions to entertain him. He had collected all which, from nature or industry, could delight the eye; every thing which might astonish by its magnificence, or surprize by its minuteness. He had exhausted the stock of pleasures and sports, and wearied his imagination in planning new ones. Not a day but had some appropriated diversion, and not a diversion but what, in some way or other, was connected with Zemira. Games were ordered in her name; her praises were to be celebrated, her beauty

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proclaimed and defended; from her hands rewards were to be bestowed, and at her desire punishments remitted. Zemira saw these preparations with regret, but did not venture to declare it. She wished not to preside at court, yet could not refuse. Its tumultuous pleasures she thought might banish ideas, with which, though they made her miserable, she could not bear to part. She flattered herself, however, that as she had forgotten Almanzor, she was no longer remembered by him; and hoped that Philotos would not, by urging his suit, subject her to the mortifying task of refusing him. At court too she might have opportunities of seeing Zingis, and of convincing him

at

least, that she gave no preference to Almanzor.

The expectation of the noble visitor, and the preparations made to receive him, had diverted the king's attention from the intended union between Selima and Zingis: the bustle of the time indeed allowed no leisure to forward it. He therefore readily agreed to Euphorbus's request, that Zingis might for a time retire from court.

Euphorbus had not informed his son of his conference with the king, and he now thought it unnecessary. Zingis was content to leave the court, and would strive, as he told his father, to forget it. It only remained to take a

formal leave of Philotos; and it was judged most proper to defer that till the arrival of Almanzor, that he might at the same time have the merit of paying his respects to him.

When Euphorbus had recommended Zingis to retire into the country, he had also acquainted him with the coming of Almanzor, and the king's desire of an alliance with him. And there could be no doubt but that this would take place, as Almanzor was known to have the same wishes. He represented to Zingis, therefore, the folly of entertaining hopes where success was impossible; and he called upon him, as a duty which he owed to the independency of manhood, to shake off that supineness,

pineness, which disgraced his nature. It had ever been the curse, he said, of superior excellence to find its progress intercepted by some visionary obstacle; and it seemed to be the fate of man to have his pride confounded and his dignity debased, by seeing whole ages of labour destroyed by the folly of a moment. In vain were difficulties opposed and surmounted; in vain did the dangers of the attack vanish at the approach of the assailant; in vain did he reach the eminence, if at the moment when the reward was to be seized, the baneful influence of beauty should benumb his faculties, and in an instant sink him, feeble and unresisting, careless whither he should fall, and regardless if he ever rose again. He intreated Zingis not to

increase the number of those who had attracted the attention of all, only to shew them how miserably their expectations might be disappointed.

These reflections were not thrown away upon Zingis. Conscious that much was expected, he was ashamed that nothing had been done. He recollected with regret the promises of his earlier days, and he turned with vexation from the consideration of the present. He had found himself miserable in his circumstances, and was afraid to inquire into their state: he had felt himself hurrying on toward ruin, and had shut his eyes, that he might not see the precipice. Still the principles which he had derived from his education; though weakened,



weakened, were not subdued; and he reproached himself, in the midst of languor and inactivity, with meanness and unmanly despair. These struggles for freedom became more frequent and powerful on the news of Almanzor's coming. Zingis had been accustomed to be supreme, and could not bear a competitor. The idea that he had a rival, and perhaps a favoured one, was sufficient, if, not to subdue his passion, at least to render him ashamed of it. Had he been convinced that Zemira returned his affection, no danger would have been too great to hazard, no sacrifice too painful to make: nay, while it was even doubtful, he could submit to all the miseries of suspense, to tremble at the vague suggestions of report,

report, and be alarmed at the uncertainty of silence. But when the doubt was removed, when Zemira was certainly destined for another, his sufferings were diminished, and his power of resisting them increased: his fate was inevitable, and consequently could be borne.

Zingis felt himself so much relieved by these considerations, that he regretted having acquainted Euphorbus with his weakness. He told him, however, that the period of his folly was passed, and the time approached when he trusted he should again prove himself worthy of his father. He had indeed long lingered in indolence, but he hoped he was not totally unfit for ac-

tion!

tion: his arm might perhaps have lost its skilfulness, but not its vigour. He added, that, with his permission, he would go a volunteer in the expedition which Philotes was meditating.

This expedition was against a banditti, who had made themselves formidable by their numbers and boldness. Unlike the generality of plunderers, who seize by violence that they may waste in riot, these had formed a settled society, and though at war with the rest of mankind, had established a government among themselves, protected by laws, and enforced by punishments. The neighbouring states, who felt the effects of their rapine, had agreed to furnish an army, which might

might reduce them to obedience, or drive them from a country, of which they were the terror.—It was in this service that Zingis wished to engage, and Euphorbus with willingness granted his request.

The day was now arrived when Almanzor was to visit a court that waited for him with expectation, and almost with eagerness. Philotos had assembled all his nobles. Zemira too was present. Almanzor appeared. He approached hastily to Philotos, who, advancing, received him as a monarch and a brother. Almanzor turned to Zemira. She was motionless. He had come, he said, to fulfil his promises, and to spread the glories of conquest at her feet.

feet. Zemira blushed—her eye met that of Zingis—she trembled.

The courtiers pressed round Almanzor with congratulations on his success; and he heard nothing but repetitions of his praises. Zingis approached among the rest. He rejoiced, he told him, at his successes in war, and was happy in paying his respects to one, whose bravery it would ever be his pride to emulate. He then addressed Philotos, and requested leave to accompany the general of his army. He was tired, he added, of inactivity, and ashamed of receiving honours, of which he had not proved himself worthy.

Philotos.



Philotos was surprized. He looked earnestly at Zingis: the marks of ill health were visible in his favourite's countenance—he was unfit for the fatigues of war. “Whence,” said Philotos, “is this sudden resolution? why “expose your health to unnecessary “risk?” Zingis answered, that the resolution was well considered, and that he was convinced it was the only means to regain his former strength: “If “not,” he continued with a faint smile, “the field of battle is not an ignoble “grave.”

Philotos hesitated for a moment. “Go, Zingis,” said he, “but remember how dearly my happiness is connected for your safety: go, but re-  
“collect,

“ collect, that if you perish, I am necessary to your death.”

Zingis heard not a syllable—his attention was fixed on the princess—she was pale as death.—She seized Selima’s hand, and would have retired; the crowd prevented her: she continued standing for a moment, and then sunk into her seat. Zingis remained immovable. The king perceived his disorder, and, turning, saw too plainly the cause of it. Zemira soon recovered, and complaining of fatigue, retired, leaning upon Selima, who herself needed support. Zingis kept his eye fixed on her till she was no longer visible. She took leave of the king and of Almanzor: she passed close by Zingis,

Zingis; but did not once look toward him.

The cause of Zemira's sudden indisposition was readily seen by Philotos, and as readily hidden from Almanzor. He considered it only as the effect of heat and fatigue: he was concerned at the time, but it was only the concern of a moment; and before Zemira was well withdrawn, he was engaged in conversation with Philotos, on the subject of Zingis's expedition.

This conversation afforded some relief to Zingis. He heard Almanzor approve his determination; telling him, that his illness was the effect of lassitude, the weariness of being still; and  
he

he found the king willing to repeat his permission, without the former hesitation. He approached Philotos, to bid him adieu—he thought he had provided firmness sufficient for the task, but he was mistaken: his tongue faltered as he began to speak, his eye was full of tears; he sunk on his knee, and seizing the king's hand, pressed it in silence to his lips. The action was sudden. It seemed to Philotos as the embrace of a friend whom he was never to meet again; and he found, that neither the punctilios of ceremony, the presence of courts, nor the pride of royalty fearful of being degraded, could subdue the emotions of the heart.—He embraced his favourite. Zingis could scarcely support himself; he leaned  
upon

upon his father's arm, and retired without uttering a word.

As soon as Zingis was alone, he threw himself on the sofa; he no longer concealed his emotions, but, striking his hand against his forehead, burst into tears. It seemed as if they did not flow sufficiently fast, for he strove by every artifice of exaggerated representation to increase them. He exclaimed that he was the most unhappy of men; loving, where it was impossible to succeed; perhaps beloved, where success would be infamous: a son, whose presence was a pain to his father; a favourite, whose death would relieve the anxieties of his prince.

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He accused himself of folly in having remained in the court till he had gained the affections of the princess, and of cowardice in deserting it at the approach of a rival. He had been ridiculously weak in lamenting his situation, while he alone had suffered by it; and now when, perhaps, he had exposed others to misery, he was stupidly unaffected. Still, however, he added, and the tears ran in streams down his cheeks, still there was some comfort: Zemira would not long sorrow for one who had abandoned her, and Philotes would recollect only with tenderness a man who was dead.

Such were the expressions of Zingis; but he was in reality less inclined to  
die

die than he imagined. His emotions were those of a mind, which, after having been subdued into stillness by despair, feels itself again invigorated by the hope of success. He was reduced to his former situation, with all its anxieties, with all its expectations. The calm, which he had experienced for a moment, was gone, and all was turbulence and agitation. He had gained permission to depart at the instant when he wished to remain, and after longing while in court to be away from it, he was now removing, when every hour would be employed in anxious desires to return.

The time for Zingis's departure was fixed; the army was already in motion, and

and only waited for some trifling reinforcements before it proceeded against the enemy. Zingis could not delay his journey, and there was no chance of informing Zemira of the cause which had occasioned it. He was leaving her to the solicitations of Almanzor, and to the intreaties of Philotos, without any advocate in his favour except her own heart—and that advocate weakened by the mystery of his retreat. These were circumstances sufficiently vexatious indeed, but not likely to make him desirous of death.

Zingis was not acquainted with Zemira's feelings. His sudden resolution to depart, and the time of his departure, had left her no room to doubt the

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cause

cause of it: she considered him as a man who loved, and who despaired; who had parted with his liberty, and who was ready to throw away his life. In the transports of her grief, when she had quitted the palace, she had declared her apprehensions to Selima, and had even consulted her on some plan which might prevent Zingis's expedition. Selima too was anxious for his safety, and fearful lest he should expose himself through desperation; but by listening to Zemira's wish her anxieties could only be changed, without being lessened. She answered, therefore, that as Zingis had publicly taken leave of the king, any delay would now be noticed, and noticed perhaps with unpleasant constructions. She feared

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he must go : yet she requested Zemira to be comforted ; he would soon return with increase of health and honour ; and till then she might find relief in the gaieties of a court, the presence of a brother, and the company of Almanzor.—“ Comfort from Almanzor !” said Zemira with eagerness ; “ is such the  
“ comfort which Selima would recommend ? Far distant indeed is that relief ; and surely no relief is very near,  
“ if my Selima is obliged to advise consolation from the tumult of a court.”  
Selima was silent : something reproached her, that, by depriving Zemira of the freedom of complaining, she was taking away the only pleasure that remained to her.



Zemira had for some time past avoided any private interview with Philotos, and she was now doubly fearful of it. Philotos too, on his part, sought no opportunities of seeing her alone. Zingis had departed; and the king had no other wish than to increase her pleasures, and dispose her to be favourable to Almanzor.

Almanzor had, immediately on his coming to the palace, demanded the hand of Zemira, and Philotos had almost unconditionally promised it. He had reminded him indeed that Zemira was young, and a woman; and consequently would assert her privilege to the follies of her age and sex. When Almanzor had left her, he might remember

member she was grieved; she wished to detain him, because she knew it could not be done; and since then she had never ceased to desire his return, till now that his presence rendered her indifferent to his company.

Some time ago she had been tired of solitude, and had no one to converse with when business deprived her of a brother: she envied the happiness of a parent—her tender anxieties, which, as they gave no lasting pain, were diversions to the mind—her delights, which partook of rapture: she was sick of a continual circle of pleasures, and longed to indulge in domestic duties. At present she would expatiate on the blessings of liberty—the enjoyment of a

friend—the endearments of a brother: she would talk of calm delights to be changed for anxious uncertainties—a long and dangerous voyage to be hazarded, to reach perhaps a barren and ungrateful shore.

Almanzor listened with a smile; and inquired, whether he was likely to attend Zemira's caprices; to kneel at her feet, to waste his breath in fighting, or to wet his cheek with tears? Was Philotos, he asked, her brother, and could he not dispose of her hand?

That any one had a right to govern his own actions, was a maxim so contrary to Almanzor's sentiments, that he expected Zemira absolutely to acquiesce

quiesce in the king's desire. He therefore thought little of consulting her. He was not, however, on that account indifferent to her. In the games, he himself became a competitor, that he might receive the prize from her; and good care was taken that none should excel where Almanzor was engaged. In hunting, he avoided no danger, that by him the bleeding spoil might be presented to Zemira. Yet these exercises only pleased while she was present. In her absence he was gloomy and irritable; unwilling to act, and enraged at being still; his triumph postponed, his army neglected, and his subjects forgotten.

Zemira still continued to attend the court, and partook of its pleasures with reluctance. These pleasures she found were all directed to one end; and the mention of entertainments was always connected with the name of Almanzor. She could not, however, refuse to be present; and Almanzor had not, by avowing his wishes, given her an opportunity of rejecting them. She saw, with infinite regret, that his passion was every day increasing, and that every day rendered him more confident of success. The actions of Philotos plainly evinced what were his designs, and how intent he was to accomplish them; and Zemira saw, as she told Selima, a brother who adored her working for her



her ruin, and yet dared not complain.

What if she should explain her situation to Almanzor; if, casting away the impediments of female modesty, she should declare her passion for Zingis; if she should strive to rouse his generosity to assist their union; or, failing in that, alarm his pride to refuse a connection with one who regarded him with indifference: Was there nothing to fear from a tyrant who had been flattered, and rejected? nothing from the revenge of a lover, whose alliance had been solicited by a king, and who had been supplanted by a subject?

Or should she apply to Philotos? Should she inform him that his fears were true; that she had disgraced her brother; that she was unworthy of his affection, and only came to solicit his pity? That, by his endeavours to unite her with Almanzor, she imagined he was desirous to preserve his name from disgrace; but that her determination was fixed. She came to reject his wishes, to renounce his friendship, to fly from his court, and to claim protection from an exile and fugitive.—Had she summoned fortitude sufficient to bear the anger, the distress, of a brother; to witness the conflict in his bosom between rage at being disgraced, and sorrow in resisting her desires; could

could she calmly determine to render him miserable, and leave him to his distress?

And to what purpose leave him? To fly to one who perhaps regarded her with indifference; who might avoid her through fear, or, to satisfy his future prospects, betray her! To bid a favourite sacrifice the friendship of his prince; an hero, quit the pursuit of glory; an ambitious man, forfeit the hopes of power; to bid Zingis exchange safety and honour for disgrace and persecution; to be an outcast, proscribed by the laws of his country; a wretch, hunted to death for the sake of reward!

With resolutions thus wavering was Zemira left to make a choice from amidst evils, of which she could not estimate the proportions. The choice was attended with more than perplexity. Zemira sunk into a state of listlessness, insensible to what passed, and careless what was to happen. She no longer complained to Selima: she was no longer constrained to hide her tears—she shed none. Her gaieties, her pleasures, had long been gone; and she now seemed parting with the feelings which had caused her sorrows. She heard the discourse of those about her, without knowing what was said; she listened with a seemingly painful attention, and either replied not at all, or replied with incoherence. The colour,  
which

which had for some time left her cheek, returned at intervals, flushing over her face for a moment; then disappearing, and again returning with a glow beyond that of health. Her face wore a constant and faint smile, unaltered by joy or distress.

Selima had seen this change in Zemira, without imputing it to the right cause. She called it a temporary grief for the departure of Zingis, which might soon be dissipated, and would be easily forgotten. She reasoned, therefore, that to listen to Zemira's complaints was to prolong them; and that, by indulging her tears, she was increasing her sorrows. She advised mirth, and hoped, by a perpetual succession



AND THE PERPLEXITIES

succession of new ideas, to banish former impressions. She was mistaken. Zemira's attention, bewildered with the multiplicity of objects, and distracted with their opposition, refused them admittance.

There wanted but little addition to Zemira's distress; and that little was added by Selima. Till now she had never been without a friend to sympathize with her; one not too wise to listen to her weakness, nor too sternly virtuous to weep for her failings; who relieved her grief by indulging it, and from whom, however deserted by others, she was certain of affection. She now found herself deprived of this last satisfaction. She had wearied Se-  
lima,

lima, and had not a friend in the world.

Selima soon perceived that she was losing the confidence of the princess. It gave her pain. It would have distressed her more, had she not known that Zemira's hopes could never be gratified. She recollected Philotos's oath; and contented herself by considering, that, however painful it might seem, she was fulfilling her duty. Nay, so easily blinded are we to our own views, and so ready to impute our actions to disinterested motives, that Selima found no difficulty in persuading herself that she was performing an exalted act of friendship.

A mind, like Zemira's, susceptible of tender passions, and accustomed to implicit confidence, cannot easily resolve to withdraw its affections, or repress its emotions; to consider each consequence of its unguarded sallies, and watch with scrupulous attention the propriety of each warm expression. Zemira saw the necessity of being secret long before she could fix the resolution, and fixed the resolution long before she executed it.

With her reliance on Selima, Zemira lost what little confidence she had retained in herself. While Selima listened to her sorrows, and wept at the relation, she fancied that her complaints, as they interested others, were just.

just. But when Selima had changed her mode of consolation, and, instead of lamenting the absence of Zingis, had advised Zemira to forget it, she found that her grief was considered as irrational. It had even lost the power of affecting Selima; it tired the partial and patient attention of a friend.

Ever since the departure of Zingis, Selima had continued her interviews privately with the king. She had overcome the difficulties which, in the beginning, had obstructed her; and she now met, without hesitation, to plan schemes for what she called the happiness of her friend.

It was impossible but that the change of manners in Zemira should be noticed  
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by Philotos; and it was noticed with anxiety. He had been disappointed in all his expectations, and was almost undetermined how to proceed. The coming of Almanzor, from whose presence he had expected immediate relief, had only tended to increase his perplexities. He had admitted a new claim, which perhaps it would be out of his power to satisfy; and instead of one sacrifice, he had now to require two of Zemira. He saw her declining in health, and knew that he was the cause of her illness.

Selima had observed the king's anxiety, and had attempted to relieve it, as she had quieted her own feelings, by representing Zemira's grief as transitory.



tory. But Philotos was not so easily satisfied. It was not likely that what continued to increase daily would speedily be removed. Yet it was possible that Zemira's present insensibility might be the composure of a mind long harrassed with vexations, and at length, from their continual recurrence, becoming indifferent to them.

With this idea Philotos was willing to be deceived; and he now regretted that his original scheme, in favour of Almanzor, obliged him to interrupt a state which was approaching, as he flattered himself, to tranquillity. Zemira, he saw, stood in need of quiet and repose; she required the care, the endearments, of those about her; she wanted

wanted the attention of others while her own mind was left vacant and at ease. These were not to be expected from the boisterous gallantry of Almanzor.

Almanzor had begun to grow impatient. He had repeatedly applied to Philotos, and as often received assurances of possessing the princess; but was never informed at what time he might expect her.

Some formality was always to be settled, or some ceremony performed; and these were sometimes delayed thro' hurry, and sometimes by ill health. Almanzor felt himself constantly striving to advance forwards, and always at the same distance from the place in request.

quest. He knew not how to reconcile the expressions of Philotos with his actions: the one in his favour, always warm and animated; the latter dilatory and trifling, always without effect, and always wanting an excuse.

These vexations were increased by the situation of Almanzor's affairs. His subjects at home were labouring under oppressions, against which they could be kept from struggling only by the terror of a numerous army. His army was in the mean time decreasing; its discipline was relaxed; and the desire of returning to their own country had almost inclined the soldiers to mutiny.

Mustapha,

Mustapha, the general of Almanzor's forces, and who was intrusted with his confidence, represented these circumstances to his master. Uncertain how the intelligence would be received, he had related it with caution and fear. The manner in which Almanzor had heard him, his conviction of the necessity of rendering himself a favourite of the soldiery, and the doubts which he hinted of the sincerity of Philotos, at once removed all ideas of danger from Mustapha's breast.

From this time he had lost no opportunity of increasing Almanzor's disgust. He remarked to him the difference in Zemira's behaviour now and when he had before parted from her; the coldness

ness with which she received him on his return; and the evident constraint with which she bore his presence. Nor was the alteration in the king less visible. He suspected, he said, a rival; one more convenient to Philotos, or more favoured by Zemira; and he supposed that the deceit would be continued till Almanzor should grow weary of soliciting; or till, by the gradual diminution of his forces, and the cabals of his subjects, his power should be weakened, and he might be cast aside without ceremony, and without danger. He told him, that, of late, his attendants had found themselves neglected by the courtiers of Philotos; and that he had heard it whispered that the court was unsafe from the presence of  
Almanzor's



Almanzor's army. He hinted fears for the safety of Almanzor, and conjured him to suffer no stratagem to separate him from his troops. He advised him, as the only method to preserve his dignity, to name the time beyond which he would not remain, and to claim the immediate performance of Philotos's promises. The event would prove what were the king's designs. For his part, he thought the honour of Almanzor trifled with, if not betrayed.

This advice was not unfavourably received; and Almanzor agreed in part to follow it. He began by attending to the troops; he was present at their reviews, and distributed the usual rewards; he talked to the officers of  
returning

returning home, and consulted them on the triumphal entry which he intended to make into his capital.

The soldiers saw with pleasure their general, and received the promises of their return with rapture. The appearance of the troops was totally changed; and Almanzor again seemed to be actuated by a desire of military fame.

Beside the advice of Mustapha, there was another consideration that helped to produce this change in Almanzor. It was the reputation which Zingis had gained, and which was echoed by every mouth. Zingis had scarcely reached the army which he went to join, before they came up with the enemy. Their

G                      adversaries

adversaries were superior in number, and confident of success. At the first onset the general of Philotos's army received a mortal wound. He fell back dead into the arms of Zingis. The troops were in confusion; they stood for a moment, and began to retreat. The enemy pressed on. Zingis at that moment shewing himself to the ranks, called on them to follow him, or see him perish. He rushed forward with an intemperate valour. He was followed by his own troop; and they were sufficient to check the pursuit. The army rallied; and victory was again doubtful. Fortunately, Zingis was unhurt: he had gained his purpose, and he now recollected, that the duty of a general was not to throw  
away

away his life. He flew through the ranks, encouraging the men; removing such whose numbers were not wanted, and carrying assistance where success was doubtful. The battle was long, but the victory was complete; and Zingis had the satisfaction of hearing the change in the day ascribed to him.

Thus far Zingis had proved his personal courage: he had shewn his readiness to part with life when his death might be beneficial to his country, and his calmness and intrepidity amidst the casualties of a battle. It remained to try if he were equal to the exigencies of war. The result proved that he was; and the prudence and perse-

verance of Zingis, his knowledge when to act and when to remain at rest, his endurance of labour, and his regularity of discipline, were as much celebrated as his valour.

Zingis had lost no opportunity of improving his victory; and in a short time had put an end to a war which had threatened to be fatal in its consequences. He was preparing to return. Zemira had never been long out of his thoughts, and she now constantly haunted them.

At the conclusion of the war, when he found himself at liberty to visit the court, his joy was at first excessive. He had settled every thing necessary for  
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the welfare of the army, and had fixed the earliest day possible for his departure, leaving the troops to follow him at their leisure.

As that day approached, he felt his ardour abate. The uncertainty of his reception, the dread of what might have happened during his absence, the remembrance of his former pains, and the anticipation of what was to come, were, together, nearly sufficient to overbalance the satisfaction of beholding Zemira. He felt in his breast a mingled sensation of desire and anxiety; of desire, which irresistibly hurried him to her presence; and of anxiety, which made him tremble at the idea of seeing her.

The day at length arrived; and Zingis was preparing to depart, when an express was brought from Philotos, ordering the army to remain encamped. The order was couched in terms of the most affectionate friendship: the actions of Zingis were magnified; and the gratitude of the king had heaped the most flattering distinctions on him. Among other marks of favour, he was appointed to the chief command of the forces.

Whatever apprehensions Zingis might have felt at the thoughts of returning, they now instantly disappeared: his absence was commanded, and he thought of nothing but the joys of meeting. He was sacrificed, he said, to the interest  
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of Almanzor ; they had made him general only because they dreaded his presence ; and, because they were afraid to disgust him, they stooped to the meanness of bribing him with honours. They envied him the reputation of his actions ; and while they flattered him with false praise, they denied him the satisfaction of receiving from his countrymen the tribute which was honestly his due.

While Zingis was thus accusing his fortune, Almanzor did not find himself more at ease.

Mustapha had already roused his jealousy, though he had not pointed out any one against whom to direct it. He was

no longer at a loss for an object. The reputation of Zingis had now rendered him sufficiently conspicuous to be fixed upon; and Almanzor no sooner beheld him in the light of a rival, than he was astonished at his blindness in not before perceiving it. The evidences of his attachment were so many, and so easily found, that they seemed to have been almost wilfully overlooked.

Almanzor now also imagined that he saw into the motives of the king's actions. It was evident, he thought, that he had only been amused till it was safe to discard him. Philotos had long destined Zemira for Zingis; but had not as yet attained effrontery sufficient

cient to declare his own infamy, or spirit to avow the insult which he had offered to a prince. The minion of his favour had been dispatched from court on his arrival, lest he should have traced the deceit, and punished the actors in it. A pretended war had been undertaken, that an army might be raised; and a sham victory celebrated, that the hero of the fiction might be promoted to its command.

Now when the play of fighting could no longer be continued, because there were none to make a shew of opposition, the army was still kept embodied. Imaginary dangers were held out to cover fears which were real: the ravages of banditti were talked of; but



the terror was from the resentment of an injured conqueror.

Zemira too had been tutored to repress her feelings, and perhaps every opportunity sought to produce an alteration in them. The gaiety of disposition which had at first charmed him, the want of reserve, which distinguished her from the common race of females, had, by some treachery of friendship, been destroyed; and her present behaviour only shewed a continual struggle to hide her emotions—a struggle painful at the time, and distressing in its effects.

Thoughts such as these could not long lie concealed in Almanzor's breast:  
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the difference in his manners soon became evident; and Philotos saw with concern that he must submit either to irritate an implacable tyrant, or take the hazard of destroying his sister's repose.

Nor was Philotos without alarm on account of his own safety and that of the princess. The revival of the military exercises had first occasioned this fear; and every day brought fresh proofs of the danger to which he had exposed himself, by having admitted an army so near to his palace.

These apprehensions Philotos communicated to Euphorbus.

Euphorbus had for some time observed the anxiety which oppressed the king; his inattention to business, and the agitation with which he performed the most trivial actions. To himself he found Philotos uncommonly reserved; and as he knew the occasion of his reserve, he did not dare to solicit his confidence.

Euphorbus had attended too to Zেমira; he had noticed the changes in her conduct, and had seen her striving against her vexations, till, weakened and despairing, she had suffered herself to be borne down by opposition. He had often determined to represent her situation to Philotos; yet, from whom could the representation come with

with so ill a grace? In this state, convinced of the necessity of speaking, and uncertain how to begin, Euphorbus had the satisfaction to find himself consulted.

He listened to the king with attention and silence. Philotos represented himself as having undertaken a journey without knowing the road; as one who had advanced boldly, till he found himself bewildered, and was ignorant how to retreat. Till now, he said, his power of resisting had risen in proportion to the difficulties he had to encounter; but, at present, every day brought some addition of trouble, which he looked at with amazement, and did not attempt to remove. It  
seemed

seemed as if, by some perversion of fortune, the result of his actions was always contrary to what he expected; and so widely different was the effect of his plans from what he hoped, that he had continually to lament their success. In attempting to strengthen the power of his state by foreign alliance, he had introduced an army into his country, which threatened it with confusion; and, far from relieving Zemira's anxiety, he was now, in consequence of his endeavours to promote her happiness, obliged to add to her distress.

There was something of manliness about the grief of Philotos. His was not a mind pouring forth unnecessary complaints, magnifying trifling evils,  
and



and forming fictitious distresses; for ever seeking some one to listen to its sighs, and with eagerness watching opportunities to display its sorrows. He had been indeed, as he said, inactive; but there was no passive indolence, no unmanly indifference about what was to follow: his inactivity was the result of suspense, the uncertainty of acting right; he required only to be directed how to proceed; he wanted not resolution to pursue the direction.

Euphorbus did not hesitate in his reply.

That the army of Almanzor was an evil, and that so long as it remained it was dangerous, were positions which,  
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he said, could not be controverted. It remained then to remove this army, or, failing in that, to take such measures as might tend to destroy its pernicious effects. He therefore thought that the expence of so great a body of men might be urged to Almanzor as a motive for wishing their absence. At all events, he advised that the troops under the command of Zingis should instantly return to the capital.

These precautions, Euphorbus added, might prevent all danger from Almanzor. He wished to God that any advice could restore happiness to Zemira. To behold a princess beautiful and accomplished, the delight of all about her, and whose affectionate disposition

position attached her to every one as her friend; to behold her declining in health and beauty; neglecting her former companions, and afraid to trust those in whom she had been accustomed to confide; attempting to hide her sorrows, lest they should deprive her of perhaps the only friend she had left in the world, and silently sinking under the attempt: no wonder such a sight filled his master's eyes, and wetted his old cheek with tears, which he hoped never to have again shed.

Euphorbus paused for a while; his feelings had overcome him. He had not intended, he told Philotos, to have renewed his sorrow; he had come not to lament, but to relieve. He urged the

the improbability of Zemira's being attached to Almanzor; and conjured the king not to sacrifice the life of his sister. He was deceived, fatally deceived, if, relying on the submission and unresisting compliance of Zemira, he should give her hand to Almanzor. He was mistaking despair for tranquillity, and was looking for happiness where there was nothing but a gloomy satisfaction from the approach of death.

The king remained for a time in silence. Euphorbus had done but little towards removing his anxiety. He even imagined that the emotion and warmth of the minister might arise from some hopes in favour of his son. He suppressed, however, his sentiments. He would

would see Zemira, he said, and from herself learn what were her inclinations.

However Philotos might have concealed his emotions at what fell from Euphorbus, he was still deeply affected. That Zemira was again regaining her former composure was an idea which Selima had attempted to impress, and which Philotos had almost prevailed on himself to believe. In this opinion he found himself contradicted by Euphorbus; and the truth was so apparent, that it was almost impossible not to perceive it. He recollected the miseries to which, by his desire of an union with Almanzor, he had exposed Zemira; and he saw with vexation, that, to preserve his dignity, he had  
been



been obliged to sacrifice the happiness of those whom he most valued.

Philotos was proceeding to the apartments of Zemira when he was met by Almanzor. His appearance was sudden, and his countenance bore the marks of disappointment and anger. He approached hastily to Philotos. He had come, he told him, to thank him for the friendship he had experienced; to return him his acknowledgments for the expectations and promises by which he had been delayed, till his subjects had found opportunities and leisure for rebellion. 'For rebellion!' said Philotos—"Yes," re-echoed Almanzor, "for rebellion! though such matters  
 " may seem trifles to a king, possessed  
 " of

“ of your armies, and commanded by  
“ generals like yours.” Philotos was  
silent. Almanzor went on to inform  
the king, that his departure must be  
immediate, and that on the following  
day he should expect to know, from the  
determination of Philotos, whether or  
not they were to part in friendship.  
He retired without waiting for an an-  
swer.

The rebellion which Almanzor had  
mentioned, although it really existed,  
was only made use of as a pretence for  
insisting on his departure. It helped  
also to remove part of the anger which  
Philotos would otherwise have felt from  
the haughty treatment which he had  
received. Propriety of conduct, which  
results

results from deliberation, he knew, was not to be expected when, from any external violence, the mind had been deranged, and was left unable to exert its faculties. Still, however, Almanzor's actions wanted explanation; and they could be supposed only to arise from his confidence in the presence of his army.

In this supposition Philotos was not mistaken; he knew not, however, all the danger to which he was exposed.

When Mustapha found that Almanzor gave into his suspicions, and listened to his advice, he determined to neglect no means of detaching him altogether from Philotos. He had easily convinced

convinced him of the necessity of immediately returning to his own dominions; but though Almanzor continually talked of going, he was always irresolute in determining when to set off. Day passed after day, and still he remained in the court of Philotos. Under these circumstances, Mustapha resolved to try if Selima might not be of use in promoting his schemes.

Mustapha had been long known to Selima; and as being in the secrets of a master, to whose cause she anxiously wished success, she had no hesitation in listening to his discourse. To Selima he had only declared his fears that the partiality of the princess in favour of Zingis would prevent an union with Almanzor.

Almanzor. The consequences would indeed be terrible: the destruction of Philotos, and the desolation of his kingdom, would be inevitable.

These threats from the general of an army were horrible sounds in a woman's ear. Selima either believed them, or persuaded herself to think that she believed them. As then she had before seen the impossibility of Zemira's possessing Zingis, and now found the necessity of her being united to Almanzor, it required no great argument to shew, that by assisting this union she was promoting the happiness of all. Selima, therefore, laid open the state of Zemira's mind; her love for Zingis, which, she said, she knew to be mutual; and her  
power



power over the king, which, if she chose to exert it, would render ineffectual all the pretensions of Almanzor. She too, in her turn, hinted at danger from the return of Zingis. A conqueror, at the head of a victorious army, would not willingly see his mistress torn from him.

This intelligence, from so indisputable a quarter, was sufficient for Mustapha. He communicated it, with such improvements as he thought necessary, to Almanzor. Almanzor received it with implicit belief; had he wished to doubt it, every thing concurred in pointing out its truth.

H

Mustapha

Mustapha urged the necessity of some immediate resolution: he insisted on the danger from the recal of Zingis. The news of the insurrection, which arrived at the same time, strengthened his arguments. His reasoning was unanswerable. Almanzor started but one objection. It was, that, by parting so suddenly, Philotos might refuse his consent, and Zemira might, after all his pains, be lost.

This was far from Mustapha's intentions. To depart without Zemira would indeed, he said, be folly. His plan was to oblige Philotos to an immediate determination: if that determination should prove favourable, the effect was good; if, as he suspected, it should be otherwise,

otherwise, it only remained to seize that which had been offered, and- was now with-held.

Such was the result of the conference, from which Almanzor had come when he met the king, and when, by his conduct, he seemed indifferent on which side Philotos might determine.

The haughtiness of Almanzor's behaviour had made some change in the purpose of Philotos. Instead of going immediately to the princess, he returned to Euphorbus, and desired him instantly to recal the army under his son's command. The quick return of the king surprized Euphorbus, nor was he unconcerned at the cause of it.

Euphorbus had been long accustomed to trace actions to the source from whence they originated; and arranged, perhaps with too partial a regard to system, every effect as the consequence of some determinate and well considered cause.

The actions of men, he observed, were often said to be the event of accident; he believed that they were generally the result of design. The motives would indeed be most commonly concealed—by the weaker part of mankind, because they were unable to trace them; and by the more crafty, because they were ashamed to disclose them.

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The expressions of Almanzor had been considered as arising from temporary vexations, yet they were but similar to his general conduct: the casual occurrence of a rebellion was brought to justify that which, if not before observed, had, however, long existed.

Would the presence of a rebellion, Euphorbus asked, induce Almanzor to treat with indifference a prince, whose alliance was rendered more necessary to him by the very existence of that rebellion? Or what misfortune could tempt a lover to quarrel with one, in whose hands was contained the power of gratifying his wishes? No; the artifice was shallow: Almanzor was confident in his strength, and secure of success.



success. It was evident that he thought Philotos was afraid to deny his wishes; and he had chosen the story of a rebellion to cover the insolence which, in the fulness of his joy, he could not suppress.

He was, however, happy, Euphorbus added, that his master's eyes had been opened to the necessity of recalling his army; he would also, with his permission, double the number of guards about the palace. He was convinced that some plot was in agitation, some design to profit by their weakness. Philotos made no reply; but his silence shewed his apprehension of the truth.

When

When Mustapha had parted with Almanzor, he went in search of Selima. Nothing now remained for him but to secure a passage to Zemira, that, in case of a refusal from Philotos, he might get her into his possession. To induce Selima to betray not only the secrets, but the person of her friend, seemed to be requiring a compliance that was scarcely to be expected. Yet the motives for wishing an introduction to Zemira might easily be glossed over; and Selima, he thought, would not be very anxious to inquire into the reasons of an interview, which she was told was for the good of the princess. He found more difficulty than he expected. Selima had but just left the princess, and Zemira had conversed with her in

terms more friendly than she had lately used. As she parted, Zemira had pressed her hand; and Selima felt a glow of friendship that brought tears into her eyes. Still, however, an interview with one who was shortly to be united with her could be productive of no unpleasant consequences to Zemira; and, as such, Selima, with some reluctance, agreed to procure it.

The expectations and uncertainty of Almanzor were now speedily approaching to their end. His resolution was taken, and he only waited for the determination of Philotos.

Philotos knew not how to determine. He had been, according to his proposal,

fal, with the princefs. When he entered her apartment ſhe was ſleeping. He took her by the hand; it ſpread a cold chill over his whole frame. The preſſure of the king's hand waked Zemira. She would have riſen when ſhe ſaw it was Philotos; but her ſtrength was insufficient, and ſhe ſunk down on the ſofa. Her attendant left the room; and Philotos continued ſilent, and clasp- ing Zemira's hand.

After a conſiderable pause, Zemira ſaid ſhe had been preparing for her journey, and trying to gain courage for the time of parting. Zemira's voice was ſo much changed, that Philotos hardly knew its ſound; and her words ſeemed the wanderings of a diſordered

H 5      imagination,

imagination, waking from unpleasant and interrupted sleep. "What journey?" said Philotos; "what parting?" Zemira answered, that Selima had informed her that Almanzor, to whom she was betrothed, was now departing, and that she was to attend him. The notice was rather short, but she trusted she should be prepared. "And what preparations can have engaged Zemira's attention?" Zemira returned no answer. Philotos looked eagerly toward her; her eye was raised, and her lips moved, as if with some inward prayer.

Philotos felt a secret horror.—"Oh!" said he, dropping on his knee, "if Zemira implores the assistance of an  
" over-



“ over-ruling Power, let her in pity  
 “ not forget the distresses of a brother,  
 “ who has been doomed to be the cause  
 “ of misery where he intended happiness,  
 “ and who has in vain solicited  
 “ Heaven that he might never have  
 “ lived till this day.”—Zemira scarcely  
 heard the king’s words: the perturbation  
 of her mind had overpowered her; and  
 she sunk, almost lifeless, into his  
 arms.

When Zemira was a little recovered,  
 Philotos, in the gentlest manner, in-  
 formed her of the reason of his present  
 visit. He mentioned whatever had  
 passed between him and Almanzor, and  
 lamented the precipitancy with which  
 he had entered into engagements with  
 H 6 him.

him. He had embarked in an attempt, of which he thought the accomplishment as easy as it would have been beneficial; and had pursued his end, till he found himself distracted with opposite views, and bewildered, without any guide to direct him. He now came to tell her his wishes and his disappointments, his endeavours and his failures; to relate his uncertainties, his fears, his distress.

Zemira listened to the king with attention. When Philotos represented himself as anxious and irresolute, as labouring for her happiness, and uncertain how to promote it, the tear burst from Zemira's eye: she soon, however, restrained it. She was grieved, she

she said, when she reflected on the trouble and uneasiness of which she had been the cause. All doubts, and all uncertainties, were now, however, at an end—she should never oppose the wishes of her brother.

Zemira hesitated for a moment. She had one request to add, she said, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by the emotions of her mind; she was going to leave Philotos, and wished not to be ungrateful to her former companions. The partiality of Selima would render the loss of a friend as distressing as the loss of a sister to Philotos. Selima's presence would dissipate any uneasinesses which the king might feel; and she trusted he would not add to her distress,

stress, by withdrawing from her his protection and friendship. The princess finished; and Philotos, pressing her hand to his lips, left her.

When Philotos was alone, and at leisure to reflect on the interview which was just past, he could not avoid being astonished at the ready determination which Zemira had expressed in favour of Almanzor. He had never before explained to her what were his wishes; she could not, therefore, act in compliance with his will: her acquiescence must have been advised by Selima.

The king was not deceived. Selima had found opportunities to relate her conversations

conversations with Philotos; to represent his ardour for an alliance with Almanzor, and his abhorrence of any connection with Zingis. She had repeated, while the tears streamed from her eyes, the dreadful oath by which Philotos had bound himself, rather to see Zemira dead than to consent to her disgrace. Zemira had never forgotten the obligation.

Although Zemira had declared her resolution to be guided by the king's wishes, still Philotos was unsettled. Her compliance was not the effect of her own inclination; it was the act of a mind willing to distress itself for the happiness of another. She had affected too an appearance of satisfaction which



she did not possess; an attempt to seem indifferent, which was easily seen through, and served only to render her real feelings more conspicuous. He recollected the advice of Euphorbus, and resolved not to trust implicitly to evidences which might be fallacious.

The hesitation of Philotos appeared ridiculous to Almanzor. Zemira, according to the king's own representation, was willing to gratify his wishes; yet fresh obstacles were brought in their way. Philotos was, however, firm; and Almanzor could obtain no more than the promise of an interview with Zemira, that he might learn from her own lips her intentions in his favour.

Almanzor

Almanzor received the promise with fullness; and departed with the malicious satisfaction of knowing, that Philotos had himself provided a meeting, of which the effect would be to deprive himself for ever of the possession of Zemira.

As the day which was to decide Zemira's fate drew near, Selima found an alteration in her feelings. She could no longer be satisfied with false representations of her conduct, or hide from herself the motives of her actions. In vain she attempted to sooth her mind by the former subtleties of fallacious reasoning; and argued, that while her friend was not hurt by them, her endeavours to promote her own happiness were

were praise-worthy. She felt uneasiness, which no niceties of distinction could remove; and with sighs regretted the loss of former feelings, when, considering Zemira's success as certain, she had contented herself with the enjoyment of blameless integrity, and friendship, which no temptation could diminish.

The affections of the princess too were regaining their former warmth. They had been weakened by Selima's disinclination to serve her views. But all views were now alike indifferent to Zemira: her wishes were at an end, and her destiny decided: she was willing to forget the opposition to desires which no longer existed; and her mind,  
long

long unsettled, wished to repose itself on the bosom of a friend. Harassed with the tumult of passions, she looked back with infinite sorrow to those calm and rational enjoyments which she once possessed, and had now for ever lost.

Nor was it to Selima alone that her heart was opened : she was on the point of removing ; and every object, however unimportant, as it served to remind her of former impressions, possessed a share of her regret. Not of regret, however, proportioned to the pleasure she had felt from their presence : her pleasures had been welcomed with the warmth of youthful enjoyment, with emotions unrestrained, with desires active to be gratified : her regret

gret was the sorrow of a mind occupied with its own distresses, and having its sensibilities impaired by the pressure of misfortunes, to which, as it could not remove them, it had in despair submitted.

Such were the feelings of Zemira, when Selima, with emotions not very dissimilar, came to pay her respects. It was on the morning of the day on which Almanzor was to set out, and just before the time when he was to meet the princess, and when, according to Zemira's intelligence, he was to claim her as his own.

Selima had always been accustomed to enter the apartments of the princess without



without-ceremony, and was proceeding to push open the door, when she heard a voice, which sounded like Zemira's. She drew back, imagining that Philotos might be in the room. The door remained partly open; and Selima saw Zemira on her knees, her face covered with her veil. She listened with a silent and involuntary attention; and heard, in a confused and faint voice, a prayer, That the God of wisdom and of mercy would pity the weakness of his creature, who, amidst wretchedness and sorrow, had supported her being, only that she might not seem to doubt his infinite goodness; and who now, blind, frail, and erring, too ignorant to know his will, and too sinful to hope for his protection, ventured, trembling and conscious

conscious of her own unworthiness, to appear before the throne of Eternal Majesty.

The voice ceased; Zemira bowed her head, and fell prostrate on her face.

Selima rushed forward, as if struck with madness: she seized Zemira's hand; "You shall not die," exclaimed Selima. Zemira raised her head—her eyes were fixed and sunk; her cheek as pale as death. She was, however, alive; and Selima's confidence revived. By the assistance of an attendant, she placed Zemira on a sofa; and, falling on her knees, with a vehemence of action little short of phrenzy, she implored

explored her to forego her rash, her impious resolution.

The princess gazed wildly upon her; and, feebly stretching out her hand, seemed to desire her silence. Selima started from the ground; and, throwing herself on the sofa, burst into a loud agony of weeping; then suddenly springing up, she ran furiously out of the apartment. Zemira's eye followed her till she disappeared; she then raised it to heaven, and sunk into her attendant's arms.

Selima hurried directly to the palace; and hastening to the king's apartments, desired to be instantly conducted to Philotos. He had been engaged  
with

with Almanzor, and had that moment quitted the palace in his company.

Selima knew not how to proceed, but, clasping her hands, stood motionless and stupid with perplexity; till, recollecting herself, she rushed forwards in search of Euphorbus.

At the entrance of Euphorbus's apartments she was met by Zingis. His return was a secret; and he wished more particularly to conceal it from Selima: he, therefore, no sooner perceived her, than, turning short, he attempted to avoid her. Selima with vehemence called upon his name, and sprang forwards to detain him: he, however, redoubled his pace; and Se-

lima

lira, finding it impossible to stop him, threw herself violently upon the ground.

The noise alarmed Zingis—he hastened back: Selima was partly risen. “Oh God!” said she, striking her hand against her forehead; “Oh God! will nobody save her!” “Whom?” exclaimed Zingis; “save whom?” Selima stared wildly in his face; “Zemira!” said she; “Oh! Zemira has destroyed herself!” Zingis answered not a word; but, quitting Selima’s hand, hurried toward the apartment of the princess.

Selima had scarcely left Zemira’s room before the king entered it with Almanzor. When he came in, he saw

I

Zemira



Zemira reclining on the sofa, her head resting on the breast of a young female slave, of whom she had lately, since she had been deprived of other friends, been fond. As he approached, the slave waved her hand, as desiring his silence : Her face was swelled with weeping. Philotos stretched out his arm to prevent Almanzor from advancing. He looked earnestly toward Zemira ; her eyes were closed, and her lips pale and shrivelled : a sudden chilliness overspread his whole frame ; he did not dare to advance a step. At that instant Zingis flung open the door, and rushed forwards toward Zemira : when he was near her he stopped for a moment ; then, falling on his knees, seized her hand : it was cold and lifeless.

less. Zingis fell, as if dead, at her feet.

As Zingis entered the room, Almanzor's jealousies revived : he drew a dagger from his breast, and was preparing to plunge it into Zingis's heart, when the unhappy favourite sunk on the ground.

Almanzor's surprize was unspeakable : he fixed his eyes on Zemira, and saw that she was dead. He seemed insensible for a moment ; his grief then burst forth into a paroxysm of rage. He stamped against the ground, and struck his breast : he reprobated his folly in having suffered himself to be guided by the timid advices of Philotos, and his supineness in not having guarded against the fatal success of Zemira's

plans. He accused Philotos of having murdered his sister by his weakness and irresolution; and cursed his fate in having been the dupe of fools and dotards.

Philotos was unconscious of Almanzor's rage; he stood immoveable, and with stupid astonishment, gazing on the body of Zemira: he seemed to have lost all recollection, all sensation; he heard nothing; he saw no one, till Euphorbus entered the room. The unhappy old man hastened toward his master, and clasping his hand, pressed it in silence to his breast. Philotos turned suddenly to him, and, falling on his neck, wept with the vehemence of an infant. Euphorbus suffered him to remain for a short time; and then,  
without

without speaking, gently led him from a sight of so much horror.

The violence of Almanzor's exclamations had brought Mustapha to the apartment. He there beheld a scene far different from what he expected. The preparations which he had made to secure the princess were now unnecessary; she had eluded his precautions. As soon as Almanzor saw him, he rushed from the place, ordering him to march his army, that he might forever quit a country, whose air was more hateful to him than the blasts of pestilence and death.

The grief of Zingis was at first excessive, and so extravagant as to alarm those about him for his safety.

No intreaties could induce him to quit the body of Zemira, to whom, he said, he was wedded, and from whom the arts of tyranny should never again separate him. He called on her with the most solemn intreaties to declare her preference and assert her choice; and started into madness at her silence, declaring that she was poisoned. He demanded to see Selima; and hearing she was ill, he exclaimed that she had been too faithful to her mistress to be suffered to outlive her. The violence of his passions at length overpowered his strength; and the attendants removed him in a state of insensibility.

For a time Zingis's sorrows appeared to increase, and he felt no inclination  
to



to restrain them. He continually represented to himself the miseries which he had suffered, and the pleasures which he had lost; and, lest they should be forgotten, he strove to render them ever present, by allotting certain hours to visit the tomb of Zemira. He admitted no company but such as would flatter his griefs, nor any conversation of which his misfortunes were not the theme.

There is such a mixture of joy and sorrow in the recollection of happiness which is past, that the one generally has power to counteract the other; and whatever our regret may be at the deprivation of pleasures, it is relieved by our knowledge that the pleasures

fures we deplore were once in our possession. Zingis found, by contemplating his sorrows, that the anguish, which was at first insupportable, became gradually less acute, till, in time, it lost the power of giving pain.

The distress of Philotos admitted not of these reliefs. It was not, like that of Zingis, violent and transitory; it did not shew itself in tears, nor waste its vehemence in complaints: it threw a settled despondency over his mind. He declared his determination of quitting the task of governing, and refused any longer to wear a crown, of which the possession had brought him nothing but misery. In vain did Euphorbus endeavour, by reasoning,

to alter his resolution: Philotos could not attend to reason.

From this state of despair he was partly roused by the fate of Almanzor. That wretched prince had suffered his vexation at the loss of Zemira to deprive him of the few amiable qualities which he before possessed. Gloomy, and enraged with himself, he became insufferable to others.

His army now first began to feel the effects of his discontent, and, like the rest, groaned under the severity of his oppression. The respect with which they once regarded him, served for a time to repress their indignation: but his tyranny was unremitting; and, despairing of other means of relief, they

they delivered him up to his subjects, who had taken arms, and against whom he was marching with imprecations of vengeance.

Thus was Almanzor left to perish on a scaffold; betrayed by the instruments of his oppression, and made the victim by which they were to conciliate the affection of those whom they had oppressed.

Another event, which tended to restore the tranquillity of Philotos, was the marriage of Zingis with Selima: an union which came indeed too late, but which was still gratifying to his wishes.

Zingis, constantly eager to recal each minute circumstance connected with

with Zemira, naturally became desirous of the conversation of Selima. As her presence gave pleasure, so each separation from her was felt with regret, and her return expected with impatience. Her partiality also in his favour, of which he was not ignorant, interested him for her welfare; and he found, before any great length of time had passed, that his pleasures and his pains were intimately connected with the actions of Selima.

Euphorbus saw with pleasure the growing affection of Zingis, and, as he joined his hand with Selima's, he wept when he traced back the unfortunate circumstances which had led to their union.

The



The good old man reminded them of the folly of indulging inordinate wishes for the gratifications of this world; gratifications which, though apparently within our reach, may never be in our possession; or, if possessed, may turn to evils in our hands. Day, he said, followed after day, and not one passed without proof of the impotence of human wisdom, of the weakness and vanity of the pursuits of man. Our philosophy had not as yet taught us to be content; nor shewn us, that however exalted our situation, we may be miserable by comparing it with the ideal advantages of others; or happy in contemplating its real excellences, however low.

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